

GEORGE ADE SAYS BRYAN IS MERELY 'AMONG THOSE PRESENT' AT BALTIMORE

BRYAN NOT RINGMASTER, SAYS GEORGE ADE; ONLY "AMONG THOSE PRESENT"

County Chairman Has a Dream for the Home Folks of a Compromise Ticket and Disgruntled Leaders Hiking for Oyster Bay.

BY GEORGE ADE.
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Baltimore, June 25.

Vance Jimmison, Antioch, Ind.

My Dear Vance. A little while ago I crawled through the crowd and escaped into the rain because I didn't have the heart to sit there and see my old friend get it where it was evident that he was going to get it.

This evening he is our peerless leader. They took his jabber away from him to-day. Of course they have not done any rough mutilating, and some of those who snote explained, as they delivered each punch, that they were striking more in sorrow than in anger. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the foxy stage managers who are trying to direct this entertainment think they have served an effective notice on him that he is not to be their ringmaster. He is merely among those present. That is how it looks to a man in the gallery.

But they will have to come around and see him before they get the needed two-thirds.

When I sat there to-day and watched William Jennings make that stubborn and losing fight for the election of a really and truly progressive to play the first solo on the programme, I couldn't help but notice that the old boy has changed some since he pulled that skyrocket sensation in 1896. Of course sixteen years will change anybody except Uncle Joe Cannon.

Col. Bryan has not got the ginger that he had years ago. He walks more and he looks more matured and filled out and kind of ripened into a sedate middle age. To-day he had no carefully prepared speech and he had no such audience or subject as he had back in 1896, when he faced the temporary maniacs who were in full sympathy with him. He made a cracking good speech, and once or twice he struck concert pitch and let out a bugle blast that promised a grand rally and a successful charge under the same old gallant leadership.

JUST LIKE THE CHICAGO SHOW.

But after it was all over it was evident, even to the most lunk-headed spectator who sat on the high shelf and interrupted the speakers, that he hadn't effected even a semblance of a stampede. The whole show to-day was so much like Chicago that we had to rub our eyes and pinch ourselves to make sure that we were not having a nightmare and reviewing the horrible family squabbles of last week.

Once more a fight started at the very drop of the hat because the former leader of the party objected to a certain haughty New Yorker acting as master of ceremonies. Once more a scrappy minority raised the cry, "Give us a real progressive or give us death." Once more a pitiless majority, carefully rehearsed by certain wise heads sliding back of the scenes, went through their part of the exercises without batting an eye.

Of course, the fact that William J. was turned down to-day doesn't mean that the convention is going to be anything but "progressive." This convention is getting ready to issue some large circus posters to the effect that the Democratic party is giving the only genuine, three-ring, progressive circus now on the road, and to beware of shabby imitations.

Do you know, Vance, I had a dream last night. I dreamt that this convention went ahead and named a kind of compromise ticket, without consulting Messrs. Bryan and Wilson. I dreamt further that the platform looked progressive and sounded progressive, but it wasn't sufficiently fireproof and copper riveted to suit the good old bunch that knows we are about to be enslaved by Wall Street. I dreamt that about six of the recognized Democratic leaders in the convention this week went home bitterly disappointed and refusing to follow the compromise leader put over them. My dream shifted to Oyster Bay and I saw them sitting on the veranda talking to the Colonel. Again the scene changed and I found them present at the convention in Chicago early in August. If this doesn't go through I am ready to take refuge in the fact that it was only a dream.

COLORADO BROTHER BUSY HERE, TOO.

The day dawned showery and overcast. I arose early and helped the Oklahoma alternate to escape from the depression of the cot into which he settled during the night. As we are just on the border line between hot biscuit and cold bread, we enjoyed some fresh breakfast rolls, prepared by the widow lady, and braced ourselves for an arduous day by taking the second cup of coffee. We are living in the shadow of the old Washington monument, which is very high and massive and white and has big, stately trees around it.

We came out upon a pleasant prospect this morning, for the sun had just broken through the clouds, the leaves were glistening wet and the straight avenue leading down toward the towering gray mass of the Belvedere Hotel was all washed clean and cool for our triumphal march toward the arena where William J. was about to be offered up as a blood sacrifice to the wild animals of the Stock Exchange.

The more we see of this town the better we like it as a cheerful and picturesque background for a big spectacle of this kind. This morning all the brick sidewalks were moderately swarming with what seemed to be a happy picnic crowd. As we strolled along under the festoons of bunting we had to acknowledge ourselves pleased with many of the changes from Chicago. I was creeping over the front of nearly every house and flowers were spilling out of all the windows. We are out here in the tidy part of an old and settled down community, surrounded by suggestions of good behavior and nice Eastern civilization, and I really believe our environment has a repressing effect on the wild and woolly boys from the West, except when they get into the convention hall.

In Chicago the colored brother had a front seat in the convention and settled all of the questions that came up last week. Down here in Baltimore the colored brother is busy with a stiff brush, cleaning the marble stairway in front of each house. All the marble entrances looked perfectly clean when we arrived yesterday, but they were being rubbed up again this morning. On my way to the Belvedere to get the morning war bulletins from the National Committee we ran into a brass band followed by a crowd of Democrats from Pennsylvania. I stood aside and watched these heroes go by, each man wearing on his hat one of those "win with Wilson" labels. I saluted them respectfully. A Pennsylvania Democrat has all the moral grandeur of a Louisiana Republican, plus the credit accruing to one who does not expect to hold office.

"ON TO CONVENTION" A TOUGHENING JOB.

We found the usual hurly-burly of elbowing and jostling visitors all in and around the Belvedere. About the most fruitless occupation in the world is trying to get any definite inspiration or reliable facts out of one of these hotel jacks, so we passed up the Belvedere and kept on toward the convention hall. We trailed with a brass band that was leading a second band of Pennsylvania martyrs, one of whom had the nerve to carry a banner reading, "Give us Wilson and we will give you Pennsylvania." Now, when Pennsylv-

THE EATS AND SLEEPS IN BALTIMORE.

(Sketches at Baltimore by Maurice Kettin, Evening World Cartoonist.)



vania gives Democratic I expect the Methodist conference to apply for membership in the liquor league, and yet if Pennsylvania has to go Democratic some time or other this might be the year.

The sidewalks were filled with people all bearing toward the convention hall, with our band acting as guide. We marched along through humble streets, between infirm rows of three-story houses, a few darkies effectively grouped at every window. After a while we passed at the right of a great open patch of rolling park, and then we turned to the left and climbed about an eighth of a mile to the armory.

The street ahead seemed absolutely barricaded with people, but we squirmed through to the dead line, holding up our tickets until the policemen could reach out and lay hold on us and shoot us ahead.

After a full week of being man-handled I am getting so that I like it. I suppose if a man attended fifty-two conventions in the course of a year he would get to be as hard as sole leather and could force his way through a stone wall. We had to form in a long, struggling line and slowly work our way toward the entrance, herded by policemen who were a good deal more excited than we were. At last I found myself wedged in a narrow doorway, still holding my ticket above my head and hoping to die if I didn't have a fight to go inside. The pullers and haulers employed at the doorway passed me along until I came to a wooden stairway I climbed up through the gloom and came out into a gallery of the convention hall, which was so stupendous in all directions, and so variegated in gay colors, and so lively with moving crowds of people, that I am sure I felt properly enthused and that.

BRYAN'S TRADEMARK SMILE GONE.

While the galleries and the main floor were filling we had little spasms of excitement, here and there, as various delegations trooped in with a good deal of pomp, each delegation convinced that it was going to be the plot of drama. Still I must say that the early scenes in the armory to-day were a bit disappointing. There wasn't any genuine howl of enthusiasm taking hold of the entire multitude, although there was a general standing up and a lot of respectful interest when Cardinal Gibbons, with the police surrounding him and forcing the way, came down the long main aisle in his red robes.

When we got together last week in Chicago we had nothing to talk about except the Colonel, and to-day the crowd waiting for the show to begin simply buzzed about Bryan and Nebraska. He was not with the Nebraska crowd. The expectant galleries believed that he was out in an anteroom practicing the smile, polishing up the bald head and waiting for his entrance music. When the stage was all set and the aisle cleared and the music playing he would make what is known in the circus business as the grand entry. As a matter of fact, this week's Colonel had slipped in quietly and seated himself behind the high inclosed pulpit in which were gathered Mr. Mack and some of the others supposed to be in charge.

I got a good look at William J. His

trademark smile had gone. He looked frowning and worried, just a little tired, but very determined. I think he knew that what was coming, but he acted like a man who was ready to go through.

The whole audience arose during the prayer by the Cardinal. A rather weak sunshine filtered down over the massed horde of delegates. As we looked down on them the suggestion was of a great city square, entirely cobbled with human heads.

I must say that our old friend from Nebraska got a rip-roaring welcome when he stepped out so the crowd could see him. The preliminaries, which probably included the formal nomination of Judge Parker, were lost to us in the gallery, because there was a good deal of incidental chatter and moving about. In fact, the assemblage to-day was not at all frightened by the sounding of a gavel. It was just as disorderly and obstreperous and easy as the mob at Chicago last week. Neither party will go into this campaign with any record for decorum.

NO STAMPEDE AND NO QUITTING.

As I said before, Mr. Bryan made a big speech, but I guess it was not big enough or his case wasn't strong enough to effect the stampede of a lot of fellows who were sitting back with their fingers crossed repeating over and over to themselves the formula of the newest religious sect: "I am not going to be stampeded. No one will stampede me unless I think I am going to be stampeded, and I refuse to think anything of the kind."

The best single shot made by the Colonel, and the one that brought all the faithful up on their toes, was when he said that now, with the hour of victory at hand, the song of triumph should be sung by some one whose heart had never been in the work.

I could hardly believe my ears when the impatient ants, all probably working by the day for Wall Street, actually tried to howl down W. J. and drive him off the platform.

John Kern made a good impression, and pulled a good piece of theatrical business, when he begged Judge Parker to come to the rostrum and agree on a compromise Temporary Chairman, who would be at least somewhat of a progressive. It was a bright thing for John to do, but the more I think of it the more I am convinced that Judge Parker acted wisely in sitting back and standing pat. He had been named by the committee and he was fairly sure of getting a majority of the votes. If he had walked up to the platform and calmly selected from that list, which Mr. Kern held in his quivering hand, the name of a man supposed to be more worthy than himself, he would have been classed as a quitter by friend and foe alike. The only time to quit in politics is when you have to quit.

After Bryan and Kern had spoken, very few of the delegates and no part of the victors felt hungry for more oratory. Mr. Bell of California started

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out by making a good little speech. He has a voice like an E-flat cornet, and, although I never met him, I judge that he thinks very well of himself as a public speaker. He was full of geography and anatomy, moving from "Peerless Domain" to "Proud Commonwealth" and then back again, with incidental allusions to "hearts that beat true" and "lips that trickle wisdom." The supreme test of every convention is the man who keeps on talking after he gets through.

Fitzgerald, the Tammany Congressman, never had a chance. They simply bowed him off the stage, and for minutes afterward the whole interior of the hall satisfied my private conception of a street scene during the French Revolution. Finally there was a lull in the storm, and it was occupied by Johnson of Texas. He was like a voice from the glorious past, and he saved up all of the good old rhetorical bromides of the palmy stump-speaking days, and he hurled them at us with all the horse power at his command.

The rollcall was fighting its way through the noise when I escaped at 2 o'clock and walked back here through the rain. Oklahoma has just come in to report that Bryan was licked. Things look a little damp and discouraged at this writing, but I finally count on much excitement later in the week. I cannot, by looking in any direction, see a candidate who is anywhere near the necessary two-thirds.

Yours, moise, JIM HACKLER,
County Chairman.

WOODROW WILSON STAYS IN SEA GIRT

SEA GIRT, June 25.—Gov. Woodrow Wilson kept in touch with the leaders of his campaign in Baltimore to-day by telephone and over a telegraph wire strung through the trees surrounding New Jersey's "Little White House" to a tent on the lawn.

During the forenoon he disposed of a batch of correspondence and saw no callers. He planned to spend the afternoon on the golf links, where he received the result of yesterday's vote on the temporary chairmanship of the convention. His secretary said the Governor had no comment to make on the result of yesterday's vote.

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BITS OF GOSSIP WHILE BALTIMORE AWAITS BALLOTING

Gamecock in the Gallery Refuses to Give One Little Crow.

YOUNG MEN PROMINENT
John Sharp Williams and Private John Allen Among the Story Tellers.

BALTIMORE, June 25.—Perched among the gallery seats among the thousands of the convention to-day was a rooster, a real gamecock, but he wouldn't crow. His guardian, who had anticipated some fun, resorted to every method of solicitation.

The bird sat with head down and his tail drooped. To-morrow he will be accompanied by a feathered friend in an effort to break his silence.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the convention so far is the fact that no one, apparently, has tried to counterfeit the admission tickets. The Chicago convention visitors were beset with sharpeners selling spurious pasteboards and joke "passes." But the Democratic admission cards are the most scrupulously guarded that have yet been in use at a convention, and the police have yet to find any imitations.

The brokers' price for tickets to-day is \$5. They have been charging \$15, but with few takers.

You have to show a ticket to get aboard the elevators at the Emerson Hotel during the rush hours. Moreover, the management has partitioned off the lifts so that one has to stand in line to get aboard.

Only guests who produce credentials from the hotel are permitted aboard three of the four elevators.

"Mike" Kinney, "Jiggers" Gallagher, "Lawlor" Daly, "Boots" Brennan and two or three other members of the St. Louis House of Delegates, formerly members of the late blacksmith boss "Ed" Butler, and known as "Indians," could find nothing better to do last night and went to one of the "movie" theatres and saw her father while the villain was plotting to kidnap her. The caption of one act was:

"Let the Indians Do the Dirty Work." The crowd of delegates and sympathizers was such a wild whoop from the seventh row.

Counsel, aid and encouragement are received by William J. Bryan in his victories and defeats here from Mrs. Bryan. She, too, is an accomplished politician, able and resourceful, and a splendid talker as well. Her sympathy and advice were the first sought by Bryan after he was defeated for Temporary Chairman. He took a seat beside her in the gallery and did not sit with the Nebraska delegation.

At Bryan's headquarters Mrs. Bryan is constantly greeting men and women visitors, forming a reception committee with her daughter, Mrs. Grace Hargreaves.

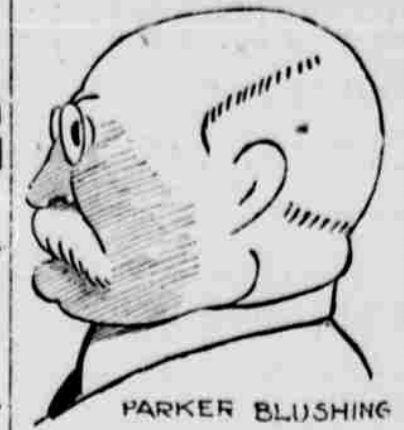
Although the Baltimore police say there has been no increase in the number of arrests since the convention they admit that extraordinary precautions to maintain order are being taken. Detectives from Washington and Philadelphia have been drafted by the local authorities to watch for the "dips" and "bums" that always swarm where there is a crowd.

Several minor cases have been reported by delegates who claim to have lost their badges, but as yet the record at the headquarters reveals nothing of a more serious nature.

Private John Allen of Mississippi, without whom no Democratic National Convention is complete and without whose approval the nomination might be vitiated—there is no precedent, for it never happened—is on the ground and delegates are breathing more easily. The train from Wagon was behind time and Private John did not get here until after the convention was called to order.

Standing with Senator "Gumshoe Bill" Stone of Mississippi and two other cronies in front of the Belvedere Allen saw a levy of Baltimore belles passing and he eyed them intently, but not so intently that he missed the stilet look that

THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN AS HE PUTS ON A BLUSH



Senator Stone cast in the direction of the women.

"Bill, you remind me of a country dog," Allen said.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you ever see a country dog run out and chase a railroad train as it passed by the farmhouse?" asked Allen.

The Senator responded that of course he had.

"Well, Bill," concluded Private John, "that fool dog will run after that train every day and bark himself hoarse, but did you ever try to figure out what the dog would do with that train if he actually caught it some day?"

Representative Henry D. Clayton of Alabama has made a friend of a colored elevator conductor at his hotel

by a jocular retort to the youth's complaint when Clayton crowded in the lift. When the boy yelled "one more" at a pushing, snoring crowd seeking to enter his car, Mr. Clayton stepped in. Then Representative Clayton followed, despite the protests of the conductor.

"Go on, now, stop your trifling," said Clayton to the boy in his richest Southern drawl. "You go get married and you'll not want to be separated from your wife either."

Nebraska Democrats and Republicans are fraternizing like political friends instead of foes at the convention. Tickets are freely given the Republicans visiting here at the Nebraska headquarters. Among the prominent Republicans getting choice seats are former Senator Elmer J. Burkett and Stephen Norris Brown. During ovations to Bryan, Burkett is one of those most widely cheering.

A noticeable characteristic of the Democratic National Convention is the predominance of young men among the delegates. Beardless youth and sack suits prevail, and "stough" hats, long-tailed coats and string ties are so rare that they attract attention. Some of the old-timers blame everything that goes wrong on the youthful element.

Apocryphal of an overheard comment along that line, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi recalled a story told by the late Senator George Graham Vest. Down in the Ozarks there was a man who owned a famous pack of hound dogs that everybody was interested in. One day Vest met him, and asked how the dogs were getting along.

"Oh, the old dogs are getting too old to run and the pups muss up the trail."

"And that's what some of the old growers think is the matter with the Democratic party," said Williams.

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